

STETSON ORACLE



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STETSON

ORACLE

Vol. XV, No. 1 Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass. January 1927

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THE ORACLE STAFF



Editorials



The Oracle

The class of 1927 has made every possible effort to have this issue of the Oracle surpass all previous ones. We have tried to be original in the various departments of the paper, and we feel sure that our efforts will be rewarded by a large circulation of the paper. The advertisers to the Oracle, have been numerous and we wish to thank them for subscribing so generously.

Alice Burns.

The Student Court and Council

In September of this year Mr. Powderly introduced into our school a new form of government by which the students are in control. Only the students with the highest ranks in scholarship and deportment are eligible for membership. A constitutional convention comprising members from the various history classes framed the constitution. Copies of the constitution were given every member of the school. The purpose of the council is to make laws governing conduct and the duties of the court are to enforce these laws. A number of students took out nomination papers and a general election followed.

After the election the members of the court and council organized immediately with Elizabeth Doyle as President of the Council and Pauline Knebel as Chief Justice of the Court.

Alice Burns.

My Trip to Springfield

The Eastern States Exposition, held at Springfield every year, is much like Brockton Fair only that it is conducted on a much larger scale.

The area known as Camp Vail is set apart for the express exploitation of the projects of the various Junior Extension clubs of the different states. Each state sends a delegate and I was one from Massachusetts. Our part was to have charge of a Brownie booth. We worked in pairs. My team mate was a Whitman girl. She and I made Brownies and sold them just as fast as we could make them for five cents apiece. We often had special orders for dozens that people wished to take home.

Our booth was very attractive and profitable. And my trip was financed by the Russell Miller Flour Co. I also had to give demonstrations on bread making for that company.

During the style show in which girls from 14 to 20 showed costumes for every occasion I played the piano. We had plenty of time for rest and recreation and during that time we visited the Educational and Industrial buildings, the Grand Stand, and witnessed the horse racing. Friday night of that week we were invited to attend a play. We were well cared for and everything was done for our pleasure and comfort. The trip meant a great deal to me educationally and I made many friends; some of whom live in the south. Altogether it was a wonderful experience, and I wish all boys and girls interested in such work could have the same opportunity.

Grace M. Alden '28.

"Fixing It For Father."

The Senior Class Play, "Fixing It For Father," is now under way under the instruction of Mrs. Gove, and we are all confident that it is to be a great success. The following cast has been elected:

Professor John Risdon,	Walter Teed
Eleanor, his daughter,	Pauline Knebel
Beatrice,	Eleanor Keely
Dick Cunard,	Daniel Leavitt
Emma Blanchard,	Mildred French
William Merton,	Robert Almond
Harold, his Son,	Seth Swain
Harry Chalmers,	Charles Dockendorff
Jack Denton,	Wayne McLeer
Fanchon La Vonde,	Clare Sullivan
Aunt Lize,	Elizabeth O'Brien

This play is a true comedy and we feel sure that many laugh-provoking incidents will interest our audience greatly.

Sethy's stuttering is sure to win applause, and Elizabeth's ghostesses will keep us at our wits' end. As a widow Wayne is perfect and deserves

great credit for his work. Eleanor and Pauline as Teed's daughters prove very charming young ladies and we are all much interested in their love affairs. We have all heard the expression "It's nice to be tall," and such was proved in the case of Dockendorff and Teed. Teed as the professor needed to be tall and Dockendorff had to measure up to him to be able to disguise as Professor Risdon. And who could wish for a better fighter than Dan when he grasps Teed by the arm?

Mildred French has fitted herself very nicely into the part of Aunt Emma, and as an exact old maid will take very well.

Bob fathers Sethy well and is very paternal when he slaps the boy on the shoulder.

Last but not least, Clare as the gushing "Fanchon" upholds her part well, and her witty remarks will be much appreciated.

Elizabeth Doyle.



Exchanges



What We Think of Others.

"The Menotomy Beacon," Arlington, Mass.—Your magazine is worthy of much praise. Your literary department is excellent.

"The Long Pointer," Provincetown, Mass.—Your paper is very good. We were interested in the account of your Washington Trip Fund. Your stories are excellent.

"The Periscope," Bridgewater, Mass.—We like your poetry department and your stories.

"The Distaff," Girls High School, Boston, Mass.—Your "Current Events" shows originality.

"The Purple Pennant," Courtland, New York.—We like your idea of illustrating the stories. Your Public Opinion Page is unusual.

What Others Think of Us.

"The Unquity Echo," Milton High School—"Stetson Oracle," Randolph, Mass., has a good local department.

"S. H. S. Advance," Salem, Mass.—More stories would improve your magazine quite a bit. The idea of having proverbs at the bottom of the pages is unique. The magazine shows co-operation of the members of the school.



Literary



"NO. 27"

The Black Bottom mining camp was a scene of physical activity and labor. Grimy miners hurried to and fro; steam trains, loaded with coal, blew warning whistles; the squeaky rush of the shaft as it carried its cargo in and out of the black, yawning cavities added to the confusion. Inside the mine groups of men talked in gruff tones as they wielded their picks.

Big Bob Bacon, the boss of the camp, suddenly laid down his pick, slowly shifted his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, spat prodigiously, and prepared to speak.

"Any of you fellas heard about our new man?" he asked, with such deliberate carelessness that the men stopped working to take part in the conversation.

"Naw," they cried in unison, whereupon the good-natured boss, finding himself confronted by such an eager audience, described the newcomer with unwonted zeal, giving zest to the description by demonstrations of the new man's shortcomings. The boisterous laughter of the group subsided into sheepish grins as a young man came into view. Although he was dressed in the style of the other men, his appearance was altogether cleaner and neater. His smooth-shaven face wore a friendly smile as he came forward to meet the men, one hand outstretched.

Bob Bacon placed his hands in his pockets and a low whistle escaped from his lips. He looked at the outstretched hand before him, noting with mental sarcasm how clean and ladylike it seemed and, with a look of

withering irony and contempt on his hardened countenance, he slowly turned his back on the man and walked away. The other men, of course, followed the example set by their boss. One of the men, however, lingered long enough to ask,

"Say, Buddy, what's yer name?"

For an answer the man merely pointed to the number on his cap, and so he was henceforth dubbed "No. 27."

The next day Bob Bacon gathered his men around him and produced a scheme which he had brewed in his uneducated head. Roars of laughter greeted his plan. As soon as the noon whistle blew, Big Bob sauntered slowly up to No. 27 and rather reluctantly extended his hand. No. 27 seized it with a firm grasp. How eager he seemed to be friends with these rough men! Bob coughed a couple of times and proceeded with his mission.

"You know," he drawled, "it's become a custom with us miners, that before we be friends with any new man, he must first be 'nitiated.'" He winked slyly to himself and continued: "Us fellas have somehow took a fancy to you so we've decided to give you an easy 'nitiation. See that hole over there? Well, you're to crawl through that at twelve tonight and come back without a bit more dust on those pretty hands of yours, than there is on 'em now—understand?" No. 27 steeled his look and said in a low tone, "And if I don't do this?"

Bob started, and his look of threatening hostility was his only answer.

Realizing that this was the only way to show the miners that he was not a coward, No. 27 made hasty preparations for the midnight trip.

Jones' Dugout was the name of a small but dangerous passageway in the mine. It was named after the first and only miner who had dared to explore it. Poor Jones had never been seen since. It was into this cave that the unsuspecting No. 27 slowly crept, just as the clock in the far off village tolled the hour of midnight.

Bob and a few of his men watched with unbelieving eyes the daring attitude of No. 27 as he crept into the engulfing darkness. Big Bob's first impulse was to call him back—on second thought he felt ashamed to be so weak-hearted.

The men and their boss waited for sixty long, uneasy minutes for the return of No. 27, before they would admit that their consciences were bothering them. All the sparkle and fun seemed suddenly to have died out of the adventure as they thought of one man alone in the dugout at that unearthly hour.

Suddenly a sickening roar was heard in the distance. The men stood like stone, frozen to the ground. How well they knew what the sound was. Nearer and nearer it came, gaining more force every minute. Simultaneously the men looked at one another and cried "A leak!" They rushed for the shaft, and forgetting No. 27 entirely, succeeded in rising out of the mine. No sooner were they safe, however, than they became horror-stricken.

"Where was No. 27?"

All the men in the camp were aroused by this time, and on being informed that No. 27 was the only man missing, they set forth to try to rescue him.

Big Bob was the first volunteer to jump into the black water. He laboriously waded his way to Jones' Dugout and crawled through. The men watching him from above shouted warnings, but he did not heed them. Into the hole he crept, and inside of thirty minutes he emerged triumphant from the dugout with No. 27 resting on his strong back. Shouts and cheers greeted him as he was lifted out of the mine.

No. 27, it was found, was only semi-conscious. The camp doctor was summoned and attempts were made to revive him.

All at once Bob noticed that although the man was not conscious his two hands were tightly clenched. This strange thing was promptly investigated. When No. 27 loosed his hold the men found in each hand a lump of pure copper!

No. 27 was the hero of the day. When he was well enough he told them of his adventure in the dugout and of his surprise when he had noticed the bright lining on the walls.

Suddenly Big Bob spoke up and asked:

"Say, boy, haven't you got no name but that heathen number one?"

No. 27 grinned and said:

"I am the only son of James Moore who is, as you know, the owner of this mine." He paused effectively and laughed as he watched the eyes of the surprised and bewildered man widen.

"I came here," he explained, "on a bet with my father that I could not be close friends with you men. I'm going back now with the satisfaction of winning my bet and the plans for a new factory which will be called the Moore and Bacon Copper Company."

Isabelle McLea '28.

The Sun and the Moon

I think as I sit at my window
And gaze at the sunset so red
What wonders the great God has sent
us
From his throne in the sky overhead.

At noon our path is lighted
By rays of golden light,
At eve when stars are shining
Lady moon is queen of the night.
Elizabeth Doyle.

The Cat's Meow!

The sky was cloudy and very drear,
And fits of thunder we could hear.
Flashes of lightning cut the sky,
But nothing was touched nearby.
And as the rain fell pitter-pat,
Up the path came running the cat!
For her to get wet, would be a sin,
So we opened the door, and let her
in!

William Doyle '27.

EVELETH

"I still maintain, Madeline, that you will eventually spoil that boy if you continue to allow him to use money so lavishly."

"Very well, Rupert, you may have your way, but you know my sentiments and if I find it is going to be too hard on Eveleth I shall intervene."

And thus his parents finally decided that Eveleth should be allowed to live as luxuriously as he had been accustomed to during the preceding fifteen years, but with the knowledge that after he had reached the age of twenty-one he was to earn his own living for a period of nine years.

Eveleth received this news very calmly and with the irresponsibility of youth determined to enjoy the next six years to their full extent. According, at the end of five and one-half years Eveleth Harlan was still the happy-go-lucky lad whom his friends had always known and liked. He had been graduated from college, not with the highest honors it is true, but with fairly good ranks. Good-looking, excellent in many sports, of temperate habits, well educated and extremely popular, Eveleth was by no means fitted for earning his own living.

But undaunted, he started forth the day after his twenty-first birthday to lead an entirely new life. After engaging a bachelor apartment in the select part of the city, he went in search of a position under the as-

sumed name of Earle Hanford. Brief attempts at teaching, salesmanship and secretarial work proved him not fitted for such vocations, and Eveleth turned as a last resort to football coaching. The salary received from this work would hardly suffice to cover his caterer's expenses. Had it not been for the sum which he had saved from his generous allowance during the two years previous to this new life he was leading, he might have been in financial difficulties long before, but as it was, his budget was decreasing at an alarming rate.

One afternoon after a particularly strenuous morning of football practice, he sat musing at the fates that had sent him as a boarder to the former apartment of his uncle. As he remained thus in thought, he tapped his foot incessantly upon the tiling in front of the fireplace.

Brought out of his thoughts by a rude grating noise, he glanced down at his foot and saw that one of the tiles in the hearth was loose. Determining to fasten it in place at once, he found a knife and some putty and started to pry out the tile. "No wonder," he thought as the piece came out, "how could one expect it to stay in place with that piece of paper stuffed over it." He turned over the paper and read in astonishment his own name. His curiosity was then fully aroused and he carefully read the contents, which were briefly written as follows:

"To my dear nephew, Eveleth Harlan:

"Should you ever receive this I hope you will forgive my ardent desire in influencing your mother to give you the name of Eveleth, which I know as a normal boy you must dislike. Perhaps the contents of the enclosed envelope

will somewhat reimburse you.

"Try to think the best of your uncle, "John."

The "contents" proved to be a check of \$500,000 which brought to an abrupt close Mr. Harlan's scheme to cure Eveleth.

Alice Dickie.

The Young Lady And The White Horse

A young man working his way from coast to coast, obtained a position as clerk in a large general store in Portland. Once a week it was his duty to drive over the road to Sheridan with a load of produce for the market. He usually made this trip just before daylight, so as to get an early start.

One morning as he was approaching "Spradling Hill", which derived its name from a farmer and his descendants, who had lived there many years, he noticed a young lady on horse-back some distance ahead of him. Wondering what girl would be out so early in the morning, he drove faster so as to pass her; but he could not seem to reach her; she went on and on, while he plainly heard the sound of horses hoofs in the distance. Finally he lost track of her; she had apparently turned off the road and entered the woods.

He thought no more about the incident until he returned to the store in Portland some hours later.

When he inquired as to who the young lady might be, they looked at him in surprise, and asked him if he had not heard the story of "The Young Lady and the White Horse." They aroused his curiosity by telling him this much of the story, so he was determined to find out who the girl really was.

On his next trip to Sheridan he met Farmer Spradling, and he asked him would he not relate the story of "The Young Lady and the White Horse." The farmer hesitated as he did not care to tell the story to a stranger, but as the lad appeared to be an earnest young man the farmer consented. He

told him that there lived amongst the hills, in a clearing in the woods some distance from the roadside, a prosperous farmer, his wife and daughter, a charming girl of eighteen years. Upon her sixteenth birthday, the girl had received as a gift from her father, a snow white pony. Within the two succeeding years she had become an excellent horsewoman. All those who traveled the road, which led from the small hamlet known as Portland, were familiar with the long sloping hill opposite the farmhouse. Everyone was accustomed to seeing the young lady upon her horse galloping through the woodland over the hill.

One day, while riding in the usual manner, the horse became suddenly frightened at something foreign along the roadside. He started on a mad run downhill dragging the screaming girl after him. Her foot was caught in the stirrup which prevented her from being thrown to the ground. Her father, hearing her screams, came to the scene, but too late.

The whole countryside gathered at the famous hill and tried to decide just how it happened, but they were never able to come to a satisfactory conclusion.

For years after, passing travelers imagined they saw the figure of a girl on horseback galloping through the woods; and shivered as they drew near the spot. When the farmer told him he had seen an apparition the young man would not believe him, the scene had been so vivid even to the sound of the horse's hoofs.



Alumni



Lorraine Brown
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Eleanor Condon
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Mary Connors
 Boston University
 Boston, Mass.
 Martha Foley
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Dorothy Gavin
 Boston University
 Boston, Mass.
 Doris Hayden
 M. B. Claff Sons
 Brockton, Mass.
 Dorothy Hoeg
 M. B. Claff Sons
 Randolph, Mass.
 Esther Mayo
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Winifred Mullen
 Burdett College
 Boston, Mass.
 Susie Neary
 Richards and Brennan
 Randolph, Mass.
 Barbara O'Brien
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Helen Pierce
 O'Brien's, Florist
 Boston, Mass.

Elizabeth Riley
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Anna Tucker
 Bridgewater Normal
 Bridgewater, Mass.
 Evelyn Alden
 Milton High School
 Milton, Mass.
 Doris Teed
 Secretary
 Randolph, Mass.
 Ethel Rollins
 North Adams Normal
 North Adams, Mass.
 Betty Lane
 Gilchrist's Office
 Boston, Mass.
 Russell Dixon
 M. B. Claff Sons
 Brockton, Mass.
 Gerald Smith
 Thayer Academy
 Braintree, Mass.
 Henry Johansen
 John Hancock Insurance
 Boston, Mass.
 Edward Drummond
 Civil Service Office
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 Pauline Drummond
 Waltham Training School
 Waltham, Mass.

(Continued on Page 23)

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Inter-Class Athletics

Inter-class athletics generally promote school and class spirit, particularly the latter. Much class spirit is needed in S. H. S. and we feel sure that these games will help us to gain this spirit. Many basket ball games are promised us for the winter. With Miss Kelleher as coach most of the girls are enthusiastic over this sport. The floor has been correctly marked for basket ball playing.

Alice Burns.

GIRLS

Early this fall the Junior High and High School girls came out for hockey practice under the supervision of our new and efficient coach, Miss Kelliher. Margaret Pierce was elected captain, and Mabel Forrest manager, of the hockey team. Miss Kelliher was the coach for the Hingham team, which has not been defeated for six years.

In the first game with Canton, the score was a tie. In the game with Braintree the score was 4 to 2 in favor of Stetson. This was the only game we won out of the nine games we had this season.

The hockey team wishes to thank those who contributed their cars to take the girls back and forth to the games. They also wish to thank all those who helped in preparing the col-

lation which was given after each game to the visiting teams.

In November, Girls' Basket Ball started. Many of the High and Junior High School teachers came out to practice with the girls. Kathleen O'Neil was elected manager and Mabel Forrest captain of the team.

The first game was with the Alumni. The score was 24 to 13 in favor of the visiting team.

The girls are going to play East Bridgewater, Rockland, Stoughton, and Abington. They hope to win many games for their school.

The boys and girls wish to thank Mr. Stolt for fixing the baskets in the hall, and Mr. Chapin and Mr. Boyle for marking off the gymnasium floor with basket ball boundaries.

Bertha Beck.

BOYS

Early in September Captain Seth Swain called out candidates for the baseball nine. Having lost only one player through graduation we found ourselves with plenty of material on hand. The team played two post-season games with Sharon, winning one and losing one. John Crowell and Walter Teed pitched well in both games. We are relying on Walter Teed, John Crowell and Wayne Mc-

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RANDOLPH

Leer to carry the pitching duties for the team next spring. The team hopes to win the majority of its games next spring.

Mr. Leavitt is coaching the basketball team this season, and we won our first game from the Alumni, 46-44. The second team is promising, and we feel that they will carry on next year what we will have finished this season. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Chapin and Mr. Boyle for fixing up the Assembly Hall as a basketball court.

Charles Dockendorff.

Interesting

The money from the Turner Reference Fund was used this year in buying books of the American Nation Series. This set comprises books by noted historical authors, as Latane, Ogg, Davis.

Song to tune of "Where Do You Worka, John?"

Nine o'clock I getta me up and think about going to school,

Ten o'clock I getta there, which is against the rule,

Eleven o'clock I study the book joost a lika before,

Twelve o'clock da bella ring and I slida me outta da door,

Twelve-fifteen da bell again and I rusha to da lunchroom,

Half past twelve another signal and then I meeta my doom.

Where do you worka Marie?

In problems of Democracy

What do you do, Marie?

I bluff, I bluff, I bluff,

What do you bluff, Marie?

I bluffa da history.

Who do you bluff, Marie?

Oh! Mr. Powderly.

Fourth Period Ensemble.

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Jokes!!!

Mr. P.—“What was George Washington noted for?”

E. O'Brien—"His memory."

Mr. P.—“Why was his memory so great?”

E. O'Brien—"Because they erected a monument to it."

Mr. L.—“Who was that who laughed aloud?”

Mabel—"I did, but I didn't mean to do it."

Mr. L.—“You didn't mean to do it?”

Mabel—"No sir. I laughed up my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole in the elbow."

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They Call 'Em—

Ruth—She's always walking home.

Pearl—Some one's always stringing her.

Sophia—Some one always sitting on her.

Billy—He's always butting in.

Grace—They only meet her at meal times.

Quaker—He knows his oats.

June—She just got 30 days.

* * * *

William D.—“Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword.”

G. Alden—“Heavens, when was that?”

William D.—“At a raffle.”

* * * *

Miss Banigan—“A biped thing is any thing that goes on two feet. Name one, Miss McFadden.”

Alice M.—“A pair of stockings.”

Once a fly with a graceful flutter
Stopped to rest upon some butter,
It was soft, as 'tis oft,

Thereupon he floundered madly,
Wanted to escape so badly,
But was stuck, horrid luck.

Cook reached over, put the butter
On the frying pan to splutter,

The fly was fried till he died,
And underneath the steak he
rested,

Then by some one was digested.

How unkind.

Never mind.

Claire Sullivan '27.

Miss Hayes—“Why are fish brain-food?”

E. Walsh—“It takes knowledge to open a can of sardines.”

* * * *

Dan L.—“Will your folks be surprised when you graduate?”

Mulvey—“No, they have been expecting it for several years.”

* * * *

50 OAK STREET

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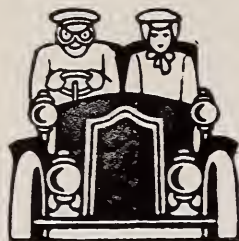
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She—"You remind me of the wild sea waves."

Mulvey—"Oh-h-h, because I am so restless and unconquered?"

She—"No. You make me sick."

* * * *

Mr. P.—"Give your opinion of A. Lincoln."

Clare S.—"It's a good car, but I'd rather have a Stutz."

* * * *

Tibbetts—"Thought you had a date with Alice tonight?"

Morrow—"Well, when I saw her leave her house at five minutes of eight with someone else, I got sore and called it off."

* * * *

Seth—"My heart is in my work."

Miss Brennan—"That's good. Now how about getting your hands into it?"

Mr. P.—"When was Rome built?"
Roy G.—"At night."

Mr. P.—"Who told you that?"

Roy G.—"You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

* * * *

Miss Hayes—"Define biology."

Almond—"Biology is a science of shopping."

* * * *

Miss Brennan—"McLeer, are you chewing gum?"

McLeer—"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Brennan—"Then come down and put it in the basket."

McLeer (lazily)—"Won't it be all right if I swallow it?"

* * * *

Dorkendorff—"Please may I have a pencil?"

Miss B.—"Hard or soft?"

Dorkendorff—"Soft. It's for a love letter."



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This is the way our depositors speak of this Bank.

Helpful service and courteous attention is the rule here.

The size of the account is not considered.

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Randolph

Miss Glancy—"What was that noise?"

A. Collins—"A fellow with balloon trousers sat down on a tack."

* * * *

Miss Banigan—"I have went. Why is that wrong?"

Dan (absently)—"Because you ain't went yet."

* * * *

"What's the score, Walter?" Pauline asked, arriving late at the game.

"Nothing to nothing."

"Oh, goody!" she exclaimed. "We haven't missed a thing!"

* * * *

Helen B.—"Why do you use gum?"

Bertha B.—"Nimble in traffic and easy to park."

Gordon (after fight)—"If I've said anything I'm sorry for, I'm glad of it."

* * * *

From the Commercial Department the following facts will, no doubt, be of interest:

	Total Enrollment	Commercial Students
Freshman Class	68	44
Sophomore "	59	40
Junior "	41	34
Senior "	46	33

This shows the great interest shown in commercial subjects.

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MEATS and PROVISIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

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Gorham Maine Normal	Randolph Foundry.....
Gorham, Maine.....	Randolph, Mass.....
Eli Baker	Virginia Nason.....
Baker's Market	Liability Office.....
Randolph, Mass.....	Boston, Mass.....
Valda Anderson	Helen Camelio.....
Thompson's Restaurant.....	Camelio's Store.....
Boston, Mass.....	Randolph, Mass.....
William Kakshtis.....	
Broadway Garage.....	
Boston, Mass.....	Elizabeth O'Brien.



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RANDOLPH, MASS.



Locals



One of our new teachers, Miss Bani-
gan, helped us organize a Dramatic
Club and officers were elected as fol-
lows: President, George Tibbetts;
vice-president, Elizabeth O'Brien;
treasurer, Daniel Leavitt; secretary,
Elizabeth Doyle;

They presented their first play,
"Dinner's Served," Nov. 12. The
characters were: Aunt Tilly, Eliza-
beth Walsh; Pete, Seth Swain; Colo-
nel, Daniel Leavitt; Corporal, Charles
Dockendorff; Sergeant, George Tib-
betts.

* * * *

The senior class held a dance Nov.
19, 1926. A profit of forty-five dol-
lars was realized, and we want to
take this occasion to thank all those
who co-operated with us.

* * * *

A picture, "Skinner's Dress Suit,"
was given for the benefit of the S. H.
S. General Fund Nov. 23. A sum of
seventy-seven dollars was netted.

* * * *

The junior class presented the pic-
ture "Laddie" Dec. 8. The net pro-
ceeds were thirty-five dollars.

* * * *

There have been two very interest-
ing debates between members of the
Senior and Junior classes on the ques-
tions:

Resolved: That the system of pri-
maries is a satisfactory method of
nominating candidates.

Resolved: That the initiative and
referendum method of submitting
questions to the voters of the State of
Massachusetts is a satisfactory one.

* * * *

The pupils of each home room and
each teacher donated a dollar to the

Red Cross which gave us the privilege
of posting the Red Cross emblem in
the class room.

* * * *

The Senior class elected their offi-
cers as follows: President, Walter
Teed; vice-president, Dorothy Booth-
by; treasurer, Seth Swain; secretary,
Elizabeth O'Brien.

* * * *

The Junior class elected their offi-
cers as follows: President, John
Kakshtis; vice-president, Mildred
Bradley; treasurer, Gordon Ludlam;
secretary, Irene Thibeault.

* * * *

Freshman officers: President, Fran-
ces Granger; vice-president, George
Pierce; treasurer, Vincent Hayes; sec-
retary, Arthur Corrigan.

* * * *

The ORACLE staff and the Senior
class had their pictures taken.

* * * *

Visiting day was enjoyed by both
teachers and pupils.

* * * *

We have four new pupils in our
school this year: Helen and Thomas
McAvoy from Dorchester, Eva Loki-
tus from Norwood, and George Tib-
betts from Braintree.

* * * *

A five-cent collection is taken up
weekly for the benefit of the General
Fund.

* * * *

Christmas seals were sold.

* * * *

The Senior class is considering the
purchase of some screens for the
stage.

Pauline Doble.

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